WEST JERSEY PIONEER.

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MY GARDEN.

I sat in the cottage one evening in June,
The children had long been at rest;
My eyes had grown dim with the flickering light,
And thoughts on my tired brain pressed.

The dreams of my youth shone out clear in my mind,
My path would be clear and distinct,
And plenty be mine, and luxuries rare,
My life would with pleasure be linked.

But dreams are like bubbles, so bright, yet so frail,
This cottage was all I could boast,
Save husband so good, and dear children I loved,
So I still clung to luxury's ghost.

The day had been long, and the work had been hard,
Life did seem a long, weary way,
I thought of the work that to-morrow would bring,
The mending not finished to-day,

But e'en as I thought of my hardships and toils,
Through the trellis the night breezes came,
And fanned my hot brow till they hushed me to sleep
To banish my thoughts in a dream.

I stood in a garden with hoe in my hand,
Three rose-trees were given my care,
While many had plots filled with specimens new,
As well as with rose bushes rare.

My plants had no neighbors contrasting in hue,
Their beauty so rich to enhance,
And standing alone so scanty and bare,
I mourned, for it seemed a poor chance.

I turned to the plots side by side with my own,
The sight I beheld with surprise,
The roses were fading, choked out by the plants
That once I had deemed such a prize.

I woke from my dream, life's mission was clear,
The lesson I could not but see,
My home is the garden God gave to my care,
My children the rose bushes three.

Could riches or freedom such true pleasure give,
As bearing these burdens so light,
And keeping vile weeds from corrupting my plants
Their innocent sweetness to blight.

The soil is all good, but my bushes are weak,
My training must be of the best,
Great care I must take my full duty to do,
And trust to the Lord for the rest.

—*Montreal Witness.*

BY THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

There was a tiny circular garden, filled to overflowing with pansies, geraniums and roses; a house which looked like a magnificent pepper box, completely hidden from view by masses of hop vines, honeysuckles, and the red blossoms of some flower beans. The noon sun poured its hot beams over everything, making the dusty leaves sparkle as if some benevolent fairy had powdered them with diamond dust.

In contrast to the outside heat and glare, Ruy Blasmont, sauntering along the shaded piazza in his spotless white linen suit, seemed a perfect miracle of coolness. He was a slim, handsome man, about thirty, with regular features and a light olive complexion. His hair and the small black moustache he wore vied with his eyes in intense blackness. Such eyes! They spoke when their owner's voice was silent, and expressed whatever he intended.

He puffed lazily at a cigar, and taking his stand where the shade fell dark, looked out on the sun-beaten road.

"Parbleu!" he muttered. "What care I for heat? Heat is my element. It is well—for doubtless I'll have enough of it some day," and he laughed sardonically. "I think I'd rather enjoy a war with his Satanic Majesty." He paused an instant. "Ah, here he comes—the young farmer. What brings him at this hour?"

A young man had just rounded the corner of the nearest house, and was coming toward the Blasmont garden. A stalwart, brown-faced man with a frank, open look. He nodded slightly to Ruy Blasmont, and said:

"Is Miss Rose at home?"

"Mademoiselle Blasmont is not at home," her brother answered, slightly raising his eyebrows and playing with his moustache, to show the large diamond ring that glittered on his right hand.

John Brightly hesitated. He did not believe Ruy Blasmont's assertion. He distrusted him too greatly to credit anything he might say; besides, he did not feel inclined to retrace his way through the hot fields without accomplishing the end for which he had come.

His hesitation did not last long. A petite figure, clothed in some airy fabric of pink and white, came hastily through the French window. It was Rose Blasmont.

"Oh, Mr. Brightly," she exclaimed, smiling and offering her hand. "I thought I heard your voice."

"I understood from what your brother said that you were not at home."

"Why, he knew"—she began, but she had too much tact to continue.

"I meant," said Ruy Blasmont, with an insolent glance at John Brightly, "that my sister might not be at home to this—ahem!—gentleman."

John Brightly's face flushed, but he took no other notice of the insult, for Rose laid a hand on his arm, and whispered:

"Poor Ruy isn't well. He is—what do you Americans call it?"

"Insolent!" John Brightly could not help saying.

"Oh, no, no, no. Only a little vexed—cross. Come into the parlor. It is much cooler there. 'Que vout etes bon! Ces fleurs son magnifiques!' " she exclaimed, catching sight of the large clusters of water-lilies that Brightly carried in his hand.

"You forget that I don't understand French," he said, smiling for the first time, as he followed her into the parlor.

"Ah, oui! What a pity! But I am so thankful to you. I must sing at Mrs. Moreland's garden party to-night, and these are the veritable flowers I love most to wear."

"You told me so last evening."

"And therefore you walked through the hot sun to bring them, How good you are!"

"It is not such a sacrifice. This is my dinner hour you know. We farmers are extremely busy just at present, so I snatched sufficient time to pay you a visit."

"Then you will lunch with us. Excuse me for one instant, and I will prepare—"

"No, I wish to speak to you."

"Strawberries and cream! Can you resist the temptation?" she said laughing and trying to escape. "Besides, you never tried my sponge cake."

"Rose," he said, gravely, "give me a few moments. I have something to say to you."

Ruy Blasmont drew near the window, and arranged himself in a comfortable position for hearing all that might be said.

Rose resumed her seat, her eyes cast down and the color varying in her face.

"I have a question to ask you, Rose. Will you be my wife?"

Ruy whispered through the lace curtain a sibulant "no."

Rose heard the word and turned pale. To her, her brother's will was law.

"I don't know," she faltered. "I cannot yet tell."

The eager look on the young farmer's face gave away to deep disappointment. "I have been abrupt, but I thought that perhaps my actions have given you reason to expect that I might ask this question."

Rose was silent.

"You think I am too impatient. I have waited a long time for this opportunity, and it may be my last chance for months. I start for New York by the midnight train."

Rose gathered up all her courage.

"Yes, John, I promise. I will be your wife whenever you choose.

Ruy Blasmont angrily overturned the rustic chair on which he had been sitting, and entered through the window.

"Ah, mes amis," he said, coolly smiling, "I have been an involuntary listener to your conversation, and pardon me if I interrupt it, to correct a slight mistake. Monsieur Brightly, the young lady who has this instant promised to marry you is already pledged to another—the rich proprietor, Monsieur Wills."

John Blightly looked inquiringly at Rose. Rose seemed astonished—and then her color heightened, and she cried indignantly:

"It is false!"

"It is true. I have promised Monsieur Wills that you shall become his wife within the year."

"You!" exclaimed Rose, with a gesture of utter scorn.

"By what right?" demanded Brightly.

"By my right as the young lady's guardian and only relation."

"I deny that any such right exists," cried the young farmer, passionately. "Take care Ruy Blasmont—take care. If you attempt to force your sister—now my promised wife—into a marriage with another, I will disclose that which will place you where your interference will be useless."

"Indeed!" sneered Blasmont; but his countenance fell.

"Good-bye, Rose," said Brightly. "Be true to me. I will return as soon as I can. As for you, sir," he continued, looking at Blasmont, "I advise you not to try to coerce Miss Blasmont. No doubt you read the papers. There has been a new forgery. Good-day."

And with another good-bye to Rose, he left the room and walked down the garden path.

Ruy Blasmont went to his room, murmuring imprecations in an undertone. Rose sat down in the parlor, lost in thought.

The Blasmonts, brother and sister, had come from France about two years previously, and taken the small cottage not far from Moreland.

Rose taught French and music in the neighboring families and in one or two boarding schools in town. She had made herself a general favorite; her musical education had been thorough, and her services were in demand and well remunerated. She was a pretty, true-hearted little lady, who did her duty, and tried to make every one around her happy. She regarded her brother as a hero. He was her ideal. For him she would have worked until she died; and he would probably have made no objection. People wondered where his fast horses and champagne suppers came from. From his sister's earnings, perhaps. Some of them, but not all. He had no visible means of support. Moreland people hoped that Rose would get married soon, if it were only to rid herself of that scamp, her brother.

Ruy Blasmont had been cast on the world by the death of his parents, when very young. While he dissipated his fortune in Paris, his sister had remained in her convent. One day he found himself penniless. He needed somebody to support him. He accordingly withdrew Rose from the convent, and the two started for the United States,

Rose could see no flaw in the character of her immaculate Ruy, until she met John Brightly. Comparing the two men she was forced to acknowledge that her brother was not perfect. That he was selfish and insincere she had discovered, but that he was so utterly base as to sell her to old Mr. Wills, whose offer of marriage Ruy knew that she had once refused, she could scarcely believe. And yet he had admitted it himself! Hot tears dropped from her eyes as she thought of it.

Stooping to pick up the water lilies which had fallen from her lap, she noticed an open paper on the floor. Half idly, she picked it up and read the words written on it:

"DEAR SIR:—The man who forged your name to a check for one thousand dollars has been traced. He is a neighbor of yours—Ruy Blasmont. The proof is certain. If you desire to have the matter hushed up, come to New York at once. If you don't come, I will have him arrested without delay.

"THOMAS RICHARDS,
"Private Detective.

"To John Brightly, Esq."

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Rose turned the note in her hand. On the back she saw written in lead pencil:

"Telegraphed to Richards—Don't proceed. Will start for New York by the midnight train. J. B."

Rose Blasmont paced the room, pale and tearless. She remembered how this note came there. The stems of the water lilies were wet when John Brightly brought them in. He had pulled out his handkerchief to dry them, and Rose recollected that a scrap of paper, as she thought, had fallen to the floor.

"He shall not impoverish himself for my sake," she said passionately. "He is poor already. I know it. I will prevent this sacrifice, even though I hand Ruy over to the law. I will pay him every cent yet!" And taking a small book from her pocket, she ran her eye down a column of figures. "Yes—there is something. I can pay John Brightly a part of this money my brother has stolen." A shiver ran through her as she spoke the word stolen. "I have my mother's jewels which Ruy so often wanted me to pawn, and three hundred dollars, my savings, that I promised Ruy on his fete day. Yes, I will pay him every sou. He shall not remain poor, even one day, for my sake. I will take the jewels to-night by the midnight train to New York, and on the morrow I will meet John Brightly with the whole sum."

Rose was thoroughly aroused. She was naturally high spirited and proud, although those qualities were seldom shown in her ordinary life. The knowledge of her brother's baseness was probably the bitterest experience that could have come to her. She felt the hope of becoming John Brightly's wife must be given up. She would not take to him a tarnished name.

She hastily wrote a note to Mrs. Moreland, by whom she had been engaged to sing that evening, and excused herself. Then she went up to her room and did not reappear until in the darkness she stole to the railroad station. Rose was as impatient as she was impulsive. The few minutes of waiting in the railroad office seemed as many hours to her. With the knowledge of her brother's crime weighing on her heart, action seemed the only thing that could give her relief. At last the midnight train started. Just as the last car left the station, John Brightly appeared, running at full speed. The locomotive went on; he was left behind. He had spent all the evening in attempting a letter for Rose. So absorbed had he been in his task, that he had not noticed the flight of time, and hence his lateness.

The next train would be in at 4:30. The farm was at least four miles from the station, so John Brightly concluded that he might as well remain where he was. He entered the little office, which at present was occupied by a dimly-burning oil lamp and a sleepy employe, and gave himself up to thought. He looked back on the years of long struggling he had passed, in the endeavor to buy that farm on the hill; and when his object was almost attained—when the last instalment of the purchase money was to be paid to the owner—Ruy Blasmont had to step in, and, by a few strokes of his pen, swept it all away. It was very hard. "And yet she shall never know it," he thought. "I will save her from disgrace, if it costs all I have."

All that afternoon Ruy Blasmont remained in his room. He wanted money, and a large amount, too. The only means to obtain it would be to marry Rose to a rich man. Old, pompous Mr. Wills, the wealthy man of Moreland, was the person he had selected for Rose's husband. Rose had rejected him once, and then he applied to Ruy. Ruy had promised for Rose, never imagining that his sister would dare oppose his all-powerful will.

Ruy Blasmont had found that Rose had a will of her own. Brightly was in the way. Brightly, doubtless, knew more about the forgery than was agreeable for the forger. Brightly was a dangerous person. Brightly would leave Moreland by the midnight train. "Parbleu! What can one do with a dangerous person?" Ruy Blasmont showed his white teeth, and closed his eyes as if he were afraid that they would tell the evil thought showing through them. He was not aware that Rose had left the house.

Shortly before midnight he stood on the side of a steep embankment, on the railroad, about two miles from Moreland. His hands were torn and bleeding. He had just succeeded in rolling a huge rock on the track. On either side of the embankment was a narrow path. Fifty feet below on one side was the river; on the other were rugged masses of clay and rocks. Running along the embankment until he reached the field to the north of it, he crouched between the fence and the trunk of a willow tree, and waited the coming of a train.

"Parbleu!" he muttered, "Monsieur le diable will thank me for the cargo I'll send him to-night. Bah! they'll die sometime all the same." And he shrugged his shoulders.

The light of the locomotive grows larger and larger. In another moment the train will be on the embankment. It passes the field at lightning-like speed. The moon is at its full. The engineer perceives the obstruction; but too late. The locomotive strikes it, leaps back, crushing in the nearest car, and plunging down the embankment. There are shrieks and groans from men and women, and crushing timber. The locomotive, followed by the train, plunges in among the clay and rocks. At last it falls over on its side, and all who are alive pour from the cars. There are many wounded and many dead; but Ruy Blasmont does not see John Brightly. He sees another, however, and that is his sister Rose. With her pale, still face upturned, she lies among the rocks, near the dismantled locomotive, the light from its reflector forming a halo around her.

Ruy Blasmont kneels by her side. His face becomes rigid.

"A mistake," he says, coolly taking a revolver from the breast pocket of his coat. "I've killed the wrong one. This time I will be sure."

He points the pistol at his own head and fires. The ball passes through his brain and he falls back a corpse.

The news of the disaster traveled quickly to Moreland. John Brightly was the first to reach the spot. He exerted himself nobly, tenderly caring for the wounded, and reverently removing the dead. Approaching the spot where the locomotive lay, in search of more unfortunates, he received an impression of horror that never left him until his dying day. He saw Rose Blasmont. He staggered and almost fell.

"Rose! My Rose!" he gasped.

"John!" she cried, joyfully opening her eyes. "Where am I? Is it really you, John? Then I am safe!"

She was safe and unhurt. She had only fainted.

In a dark clump of cypress trees, near the Brightly farm, there is a marble slab. It bears the name—"Ruy Blasmont." Mr. and Mrs. Brightly have forgiven him. The remembrance of his terrible crime is the only cloud in the sunlight of their happiness.

We no longer attribute the untimely death of infants to the sin of Adam, but to bad nursing and ignorance.

For the W. J. PIONEER.

EDUCATION.

I am an old man, past three score and ten, therefore I have convictions, positive conclusions or opinions about many subjects which are publicly discussed. Among them is public education. In relation to it I offer some assertions without attempting to establish their correctness by argument, but issuing them at such value as the reader may please to put upon them. I have been prompted to write by turning over the pages of the "Report of the State Board of Education," for the school year ending August 31, 1882, and a paper on "The Pending School Problems," read before the Philadelphia Social Science Association, April, 1883.

The "Report" contains many tabular statements, which convey very little information of interest to ordinary readers. On page 75, the Superintendent of Salem County says: "Since nine-tenths of the ordinary business of life calls only for proficiency in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, and since much time can be saved by quick work therein, I am turning the attention of our teachers somewhat in this direction." If the precept implied in this sentence was to be exactly observed by all teachers of the primary schools of the State, the pupils of to-day when they become adults would have reason to be grateful. Thorough skill in the use of the primary rules of arithmetic, in reading properly, and writing legibly and accurately, would be of more value to the pupils generally in the affairs of life than all else taught in the schools, public or private.

The paper on "The Pending School Problems," merely urges substantially that the vigorous health of boys and girls is imperilled in school by the imposition of an excessive number of lessons on an unnecessary variety of subjects. In a word, both teachers and pupils are excessively overworked, without profit to either.

There seems to be an insane desire manifest in the minds of those entrusted with the direction and management of education, that everybody shall be taught everything, without reference to capacity to learn, to worldly or social condition, the necessity to work for a livelihood. It is vain to attempt to fit everybody to "do everything, and go to mill too."

To the founder of Girard College is ascribed a pithy saying: "If you teach everybody navigation, who is going to pull the long-boat?" Our school Directors seem to be intent that everybody shall be taught navigation, whether they are to follow the sea or not. Why should boys who must gain their bread first, and make their fortunes later, by expending their muscular and brain force in using mechanics' tools, or agricultural implements, be taught navigation, or anything likely to be useless in their life-long vocations of honest toil?

It seems to me that the schedule of instruction given at public expense might be restricted advantageously to the pupils as well as to the public, to reading English understandingly, and aloud, properly; to writing legibly and accurately from copy and dictation; the primary rules of arithmetic, and only geography enough to enable the pupil to intelligently consult maps and gazeteers; for no one, no matter how much he may be taught, ever retains more in his adult age. The memory will not hold geographical details. If you ask the President of any geographical society to tell you, for example, where Chicana is, he will first consult a gazeteer to find its locality, and then a map of the country in which it is. Only travelers remember the small places they have visited. If a child, between the ages of six and sixteen, be thoroughly instructed in these subjects, made a perfect master of them, he will acquire whatever else he may desire, provided he has capacity and time, without public aid.

While acquiring thoroughly these elements, the stepping stones to all learning, let the pupil be taught, also, to have an abiding and unreserved faith in the immense importance of truth in all its aspects and relations, contempt for deceptions and shams of every sort, and profound respect for the laws of his country.

A thorough training and education within the limits suggested would satisfy the need of the vast majority of persons of average capacity, equip them mentally to engage in the industrial arts, or agriculture, or the more prcarious paths of traffic and commerce, and at the same time open the way to higher learning for the comparatively few of extraordinary industry, ability and ambition.

The mere smatterings of all the Ologies and other so-called accomplishments given in the schools, added to the very imperfect and inexact knowledge of fundamental branches communicated, do not qualify young persons to engage efficiently in any avocation. A large proportion of those, so-called, highly educated youths, turned out from the schools, become lounging, dependent vagrants, because they are found on trial to fall very far short of their pretentions, and in time fall into the ranks of those who are finally lodged at public expense in houses of correction, penitentiaries, jails, or alms houses. The poor fellows think they know too much to work.

I conjecture the school system might be advantageously revised with a view to eliminating from it all those courses or ways that stimulate both teachers and pupils to exert themselves to secure the wondering admiration of heedless friends and the public for memorized recitations of useless lessons. They all seem to strive, like mountebanks and stage-players, to secure only such applause and approbation as come over the "foot-lights," which are surely not the true objects of the education which tax payers pay for. Let me be heard.

SENEX.

"Did you see anything that particularly struck your fancy when you were looking around the furniture stores to-day?" asked a young Somerville husband of his lately made wife on her return from a tour of furniture inspection. "Yes," she replied, "I saw something exceedingly pretty in looking-glasses." "I have no doubt you did," he observed, "if you looked into them." The halo of a calm, sweet peace rests upon that home.—*Somerville Journal.*

PROPAGATING ROSES.

At no time during the whole year do roses strike more readily from cuttings than at present. Plants just out of flower, that have been gently forced, will furnish cuttings, and the sooner they are taken off after the flowers are faded the better, because longer time will be given them to grow into plants. Any one with a common hotbed or other convenience for affording a gentle bottom heat in a close structure, will have no difficulty in finding suitable quarters for the cuttings. Assuming that there is this convenience, the first step should be to prepare a sufficient number of three inch pots. These should be first drained and then filled with a fine sandy soil. Ordinary potting soil will do, if sandy; but if a mixture has to be prepared, it should consist of three parts loam and one of sand sifted through a fine meshed seive. When the pots are ready the cuttings may be taken; each should have three or four joints, and in every case it is desirable to leave two fully developed leaves on each cutting. One cutting placed in the middle of each pot with the name attached to it is sufficient, and after being well watered the pots must be taken without any unnecessary delay to the frame or propagating pit, as the case may be. Here careful attention is necessary to produce satisfactory results. A moist atmosphere, with a bottom heat ranging from 75 to 95 degrees, and with only just enough air admitted to prevent any excess of accumulated moisture in the frame, is the sort of treatment which they require, and partial darkness for the first eight or ten days is a necessary condition. In short, the cuttings should be shaded from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m., for the first ten days, in order to maintain the requisite degree of moisture about them. Water should be given as often as may be necessary, and on the evening of bright days both cuttings and the sides of the frames should be gently syringed, the object being to keep the foliage from withering. If the leaves can be kept fresh and green for the first fortnight, there need not be much fear of losing the cuttings. With careful management, quite 85 per cent. of them will form roots in a month, and they will also have commenced to make growth, a sure sign that the roots are active, and measures should be taken to carefully harden the growth by admitting more air and reducing the supply of atmospheric moisture. If the process has been satisfactory from the first, the plants should be ready for shifting into larger pots in six or seven weeks. The advantage of putting each cutting separately in a single pot will then be apparent, as they can be potted onward without any serious disturbance of the roots. To induce a vigorous growth it is necessary that the plants should have a rich holding soil. The most suitable for them should consist of three parts good fibrous loam and one part rotten hotbed or farm yard manure, with a sprinkling of coarse sand or road grit; all should be well mixed together and passed through a coarse-meshed seive, but care should be taken that the mixture is not wet when used; if it is, it will be sure to run together in a compact mass, into which the roots will refuse to penetrate; indeed, unless the soil is in a suitable condition as regards dryness, it should be spread out on the floor of an open shed for a few days, to allow some of the moisture to escape. These details may appear somewhat tedious, but they are necessary if early and satisfactory results are to be expected.

In potting, provide rather liberal drainage and use only clean pots. From the cutting pots shift into a six-inch size pot, press the soil moderately firm, and give the roots a gentle watering at once. When potted, replace the plants in a close pit or frame, and if they can be set on a slight bottom heat so much the better, but this is not absolutely necessary so long as they can have a position where currents of air cannot reach them, and where they can be shaded during strong sunshine. For the first fortnight very little air will suffice; after that time they will require much less shade and more air, but they ought not to be fully exposed all the summer if it is desired to get them well established before winter sets in. The shelter of a cold pit or frame is all they require. Under such treatment they will become well rooted and vigorous. They should be allowed to remain in the cold pit all winter or in some other light structure secure from frost, and in the Spring they will produce a few good flowers before any roses can be had from the open beds. If required for pot culture, they should be shifted into eight-inch pots as soon as they go out of flower, and then placed in a cold frame for a few weeks to get established before being exposed to the open air. No further shifting into larger pots will be required, that is, if intended for planting in the open ground; but rose trees that have been wintered under glass ought not, even in the most favored localities, be planted out until the middle of May, and in the northern counties the first week in June is quite early enough.—*J. C. C. in The Garden, (London.)*

FUNNY WORLD AND FUNNY PEOPLE.—When a man is a candidate for office he soon learns

Who are his real friends;

The pretended ones, who to his face "hope he will succeed," but will do nothing to aid him:

Those who "sit on the fence" watching to see which candidate will carry off the prize, and then be among the first to throw up their hats in favor of the winner, and declare "I told you so;"

The two faced ones, who when in his presence are so *anxious* that he shall win, but all the while stabbing him in the back; and

His open and avowed enemies.

The first and the last he will eventually respect; but he will have his own opinion about the others, and if shrewd keep a sharp eye to windward. There are indeed funny people in this funny world. But the funniest man of all is the "neutral," who is nobody's friend.—*N. B. Fredonian.*

John Brown, Queen Victoria's attendant, did not leave any such fortune as has been reported. The bulk of his property was a collection of plate and jewels which has been given to him from time to time as presents, and these with all the rest of his estate are not valued at more than $50,000.

A SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

"Is this the place?"

A prepossessing young lady stood in the doorway of the editorial rooms and was gazing around the apartment in a friendly but mystified manner.

"It depends on what you want," replied the horse reporter. "If you are on a wild and fruitless search for a piece of plumb-colored satin to match a dress, or a new kind of carpet sweeper that will never by any possibility keep in working order three consecutive days, you are joyously sailing away on the wrong tack, but if you would like an editor—"

"That's it," said the young lady. "I want to see an editor; I guess it's the literary editor. I thought it would be nice to meet the literary editor and talk to him about authors and poets, and everything like that. Don't you think Elaine is lovely? It always seems to me—"

"Now you're talking," exclaimed the horse reporter, enthusiastically. "Five or six years ago, when Elaine beat the three-year-old record, I picked her out for a pretty smooth article, and told the boys then that she was liable to beat 2.20 if her hind legs didn't give way."

"I don't mean a nasty, horrid old horse," said the young lady. "I was referring to Tennyson's heroine."

"I am going to graduate next month, sir," she continued, "and I've got to read an essay. Isn't it funny?"

"Perfectly sidesplitting," responded the personal friend of St. Julian.

"And thought," continued the young lady, "that perhaps the literary editor would give me some advice about the subject of my essay and the general manner in which it should be treated."

"The Bud of Promise Racket, is a pretty good one," said the horse reporter.

"The what?"

"The Bud of Promise Racket. It's a daisy scheme for girl gradutes."

"Could you tell me," asked the young lady in a hesitating manner," "about this—"

"Racket," suggested the horse reporter.

"About this racket?"

"Oh, certainly. You want to start the essay with a few remarks about Spring being the most beautiful season of the year—the time when the tender blades of grass, kissed by the dews of heaven and warmed by the kindly rays of the sun, peep forth, at first timidly and then in all the royal splendor of their vivid colors, from the bosom of the earth that was such a little while ago wrapped in a mantle of snowy whiteness and fast bound in the chilly arms of hoary-headed old Winter. Then say that, as the glad sunshine leaps through the bits of foliage that begin to come out and cast their grateful shade upon the earth they fall upon the buds that are lading the fruit trees, and soon upon every branch the buds ripen and bust into a wealth of floral loveliness. Then compare the maiden just stepping forth from the precincts of the school and gazing with wistful, eager eyes out into the world with the little bud upon the tree, and say that she, too, by the aid of the sunlight which comes from education, will soon develop into a woman, that priceless gift of God to man, and ever cast about her the holy light of love. That ought to fetch 'em,"

"It sound nice, doesn't it?" said the young lady.

"You bet it does, sis."

"Thank you very much, sir," said the young lady starting for the door.

"Don't forget to tie your essay with blue ribbon," said the horse reporter.

"No, sir. I won't."

"And tell your papa to buy a bouquet to fire at you."

"Yes, sir. Good bye."

"Bon soir. Come around when you fall in love, and I will put you up to a great scheme for making Charley declare his intentions several months earlier than would otherwise be the case.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Young Men's Christian Association of England has sent an accredited agent to this country on a novel mission. His object is to arrange with reputable farmers in the United States, especially in the West, for the placing with them of youths from sixteen to eighteen years of age, to be thoroughly instructed in practical farming. The young men are to be selected by the association from among those who are not fitted for business or have no chance to enter business, and who have no other opening in life. There are in fact large numbers of youths in England who after serving an apprenticeship to a merchant find that there is no work for them to do. The association intends to send as many such young men as possible to this country, where their opportunities will be so much larger than at home. They will only be sent to farmers who are well established, and who will be in a measure responsible for those intrusted to their care. It is believed that there are many such farmers who would be glad to have the services of respectable lads at a nominal figure. It is also proposed to provide homes in this country for girls, as domestics, who are unwilling to take such positions in their own country, and many of whom rapidly go to ruin. It is to be hoped that the plan will be as successful as it deserves to be.

Gentlemen should never fail to investigate beneath the sweat bands of their new hats. These bands are stitched in by girls, and it has come to be quite a common thing for them to either write their name and address on the inside of the band, or to write it, sometimes including a little note, upon a slip of paper stitched in. If a girl is of an aspiring nature she honors only the most expensive hats with her name; but oftentimes the name of a don't-care girl may be found in the plainest kind of a soft felt slouch. It is authoritatively stated that several good matches have been cemented upon the basis of a hat-band note.—*Waterbury American.*

A Rockville, Conn., young lady who was examining some hats in one of the millinery shops there lately, innocently inquired "Do the crushed strawberry hats have the odor of the fruit?"

How many waste their mornings in anticipating their evenings, and their evenings in regretting their mornings.

A DRUNKARD'S CRIME.

Charles Pollack, of Vincennes, Indiana, went home Sunday night in a state of intoxication and took the life of his beautiful young wife, to whom he was but recently wedded, and a few minutes afterwards killed himself. When Pollack reached home after an evening of hard drinking, his mother opened the door to let him in, and he threw his arms around her neck and kissed her affectionately and, with much emotion, said: "Good bye, mamma; I am going away;" and then he went to the bedside of his aged father, who was asleep, and awoke him saying, "good bye, father, I am going away." But the old gentleman, having been addressed that way by his son many times before, took no heed, and told his son to go off to bed and quit his foolishness. Pollack proceeded up stairs and went to bed with his wife. He talked to her very affectionately, and embraced and kissed her. He had been in bed perhaps ten minutes, when Mrs. Ross, a sister of Charlie's, and who was in the room just across the hall, heard Mrs. Pollack say in frightened tones:

"Oh, Charley, don't, don't do it;" and then came instantly the report of a revolver, and Mrs. Pollack rushed into the hall with a terrible scream, and fell to the floor. Before Mrs. Ross could reach her brother's bedside a second shot was fired. She saw her brother had killed himself, and going to Mrs. Pollack found her lying in a pool of blood and breathing her last. Pollack shot his wife while she lay in his arms, as the first shot he fired passed through the fleshy part of one of his arms, and penetrated her head. He then placed the revolver to his side and shot himself.

Neither ever spoke a word, both dying with scarcely a groan. Mrs. Pollack was but eighteen years old, and was one of the most beautiful and amiable women in the city. Pollack loved her very much and talked constantly of her beauty, her sweetness, her gentlenes and her devotion to him.

Suicide seems to be a mania with the children of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pollack, one of their sons having twice tried to hang himself, one to shoot himself, and one to bleed himself to death. Another, a daughter, attempted suicide by poison.

NIGHT ROBES OF SILK.

The advent, or rather revival, of the Mother Hubbard, has produced an entire revolution in the night dress business, and now every first class house carries a stock of æsthetic bed robes. These novelties are made of some crushable silk, usually a figure, and consist of a deep square yoke to which the full straight pieces are gathered. The sleeves are full and short—provided the arm is pretty—the bottom finished with a deep hem and the front closed with flat buttons and hooked down the skirt. Some individual ideas show a yoke and a sleeve of heavy net run with darning silk. A charming toilet of this description was recently made for a bride. The material used was a pretty slate silk. When made up the neck and cuffs were finished with ball fringe, and the yoke closed with a number of small, odd cuff buttons. Summer silks of plain or figured patterns are often used for night dresses, and besides doing good service cost nothing but the making. In making up silk night-gowns it is not necessary to have the whole dress of the same material.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Sunday *Herald*, one of the leading society papers of Washington, publishes the following: "I have just heard some news touching Mrs. Langtry which I give to the public for what it is worth. My news is that the Jersey Lily is to be married to Frederick Gebhard this coming Autumn, by which time she will be free from the bond matrimonial and at liberty to do as she will. My information goes further and declares that a divorce will be obtained under the law in New York, which grants a divorce for abandonment or desertion for two years. "The fair Lily will plead the fact that Mr. Langtry has abandoned her and done nothing toward her support for the period mentioned. There is quite a difference between Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Gebhard in the matter of age, she being about thirty-two and he twenty-four, but then that is their affair. "Mrs. Langtry has made about $50,000, which she now has above her expenses, and Mr. Gebhard's fortune is rated at $40,000 a year."

The columns which appear to support the roof of the portico of Mead Hall, at Drew Seminary, at Madison, are about three feet in diameter and thirty-five feet high, and while appearing to be solid they are in reality hollow all the way through, and are made of pine sawed in semi-circular form. Close to the roof of the portico in the column at the west end there is an aperture about the size of a silver quarter of a dollar. Some years ago a swarm of bees found their way into the column through this aperture and have ever since made it their home, storing their honey and swarming every year as the young bees take the place of the old. There is no way to get at it without taking the pillar down unless it should be tapped in the region of the comb and the honey drawn off as they tap the hollow trees in California.

Oregon farmers have been raising what they call goose-wheat, because all of that kind grown in the State came from wheat found in the craw of a wild goose that a sportman had brought low. It was a peculiar wheat and made a peculiar grade of flour. Nothing like it was known in this country, and the mystery remained a mystery which the Oregonians vainly endeavored to solve, until the agricultural department, in examining its samples of foreign wheat, found the exact duplicate of the goose wheat of Oregon, which came from a small province in Spain, the only place where it had ever grown until it was smuggled into this country by a goose that died in the act.

Twenty-five thousand young trout from Seth Green's State hatchery in Mumford, N. Y., were successfully planted a few days since, in "Sweet Pond," St. Lawrence County. Twenty thousand of them were the speckled brook trout, and 5000 were the California "rainbow" trout.